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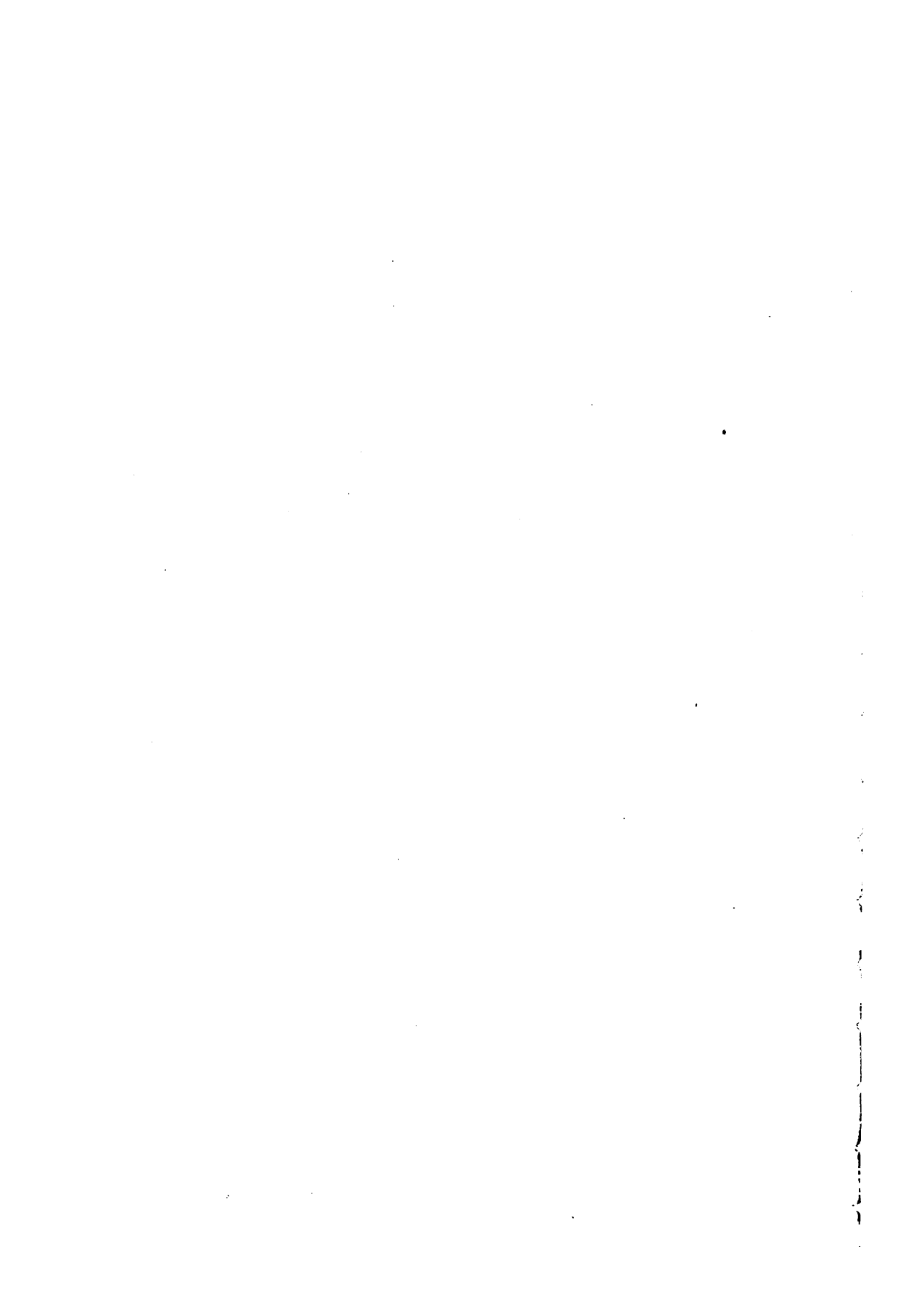
BY

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

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A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

**A PAPER READ BEFORE THE
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS
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A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

BY NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

WHEN, in 1807, the philosopher Hegel published his *Phänomenologie des Geistes*—a work which seems to me one of the most noteworthy in all the literature of philosophy—he referred to it as a voyage of discovery. He gave the work this inviting name because in it he undertook to trace the history of consciousness in its growth from the first stages of culture up to those theoretical and practical convictions which underlie modern civilization and constitute its basis and foundation. I am using the term in an analogous but far less ambitious sense. What I have in mind is to state as simply and as directly as I can, and as correctly as may be possible after the passage of thirty years, the impressions and reflections of a young American, who, like so many others of his day, took ship a generation ago to seek instruction and inspiration at the universities of a foreign land.

So rapidly have our American universities progressed during the past generation that it is only with some effort that we can think ourselves back and reconstruct the academic life, organization, and methods of thirty years ago. At that time a visiting European would have been able to discover no universities whatever in the United

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States. He would have found Mr. Eliot in the midst of his severe task at Cambridge, reorganizing Harvard College and its attendant professional schools, giving new ideas to their governing boards, leading in the reconstruction of their programmes of study, and exerting a wide influence on the thought and policies of academic teachers in all parts of the United States. He would have found Doctor McCosh growing old at Princeton, but full of zeal and abounding in vision, and so stirring the imagination and appealing to the ambition of a group of young students that he created by his own efforts an exceptionally talented company of productive scholars, though few in number. He would have found a small Columbia College in the City of New York, with President Barnard calling aloud for the means with which to make progress and to seize the opportunity that he saw so clearly, while here and there a younger scholar was planning plans and dreaming dreams of what might some day be brought about on that ancient foundation. He would have seen vigorous intellectual life at Philadelphia, at New Haven, at Ithaca, at Ann Arbor, at Madison, at Berkeley, and at Charlottesville, but at no one of them would he have found a university. On reaching Baltimore he would have opened his eyes a little wider. For here, still young and still taking on form, was the promise of a real university. Here had been brought together by the genius of President Gil-

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man a company of really advanced scholars and a small group of really inspiring and productive university teachers. Everything was being subordinated to the university ideals of inquiry, of productive scholarship, and of publication. The beginnings were yet small but they were highly promising.

The fact that these were the conditions then existing in the United States was one of the reasons why the more ambitious and energetic of those American college graduates of that day who looked forward to scholarship as a career, hastened across the Atlantic as soon as means could be found, to Oxford and to Paris, to Berlin and to Vienna, to Leipzig and to Göttingen. To come under the influence of a European university, particularly of a German university, was then the height of academic ambition.

For half a century the German universities had been drawing to their libraries, lecture-rooms, and laboratories an increasing number of American youth. These had been received with great hospitality, and they had repaid the welcome tendered to them by assiduous study and by grateful recollection and appreciation of one, two, or three years of scholarly companionship, intellectual stimulus, and careful discipline. As the young American of the scholarly type reached the close of his college course, or perhaps after he had passed a year or two in so-called graduate studies at his alma mater,

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he possessed himself of a *Universitäts-Kalender*, and began to inform himself regarding the leading German scholars, the lectures that were to be given during the following semester, and conditions and cost of life in a German university town. Every scrap that had been printed on any of these subjects was read with avidity, and questions, definite and precise, were asked right and left of those older scholars who had already been enrolled at a German university. The processes and ceremonies attendant upon reporting to the local police, upon matriculating at the university, upon securing the signature of the proper professors to the student's *Anmeldungs-Buch* were inquired into, and suggestions as to procuring suitable lodgings were eagerly sought. It must be confessed that when all these questions, necessary and unnecessary, were answered the undertaking still seemed to be a venturesome journey into a strange and quite unknown land. The little German and French that were then taught in college would not bear the weight of the necessities of daily conversation and must be quickly supplemented by practical instruction in both languages. Financial arrangements had to be made, and the cost carefully counted. Finally, the plunge was taken and the shores of America faded from sight for the first time.

One can never be young but once, and one can never make the first trip to Europe a second time. There is something quite unique in the anticipation

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with which one first approaches the Old World in the endeavor to make its acquaintance. From history and from literature in both prose and verse, as well as from anecdote and books of travel, the whole scene is intellectually familiar, or at least it seems to be so. Contact with it, however, dispels this illusion and reveals for the first time real Europe, whose heart is beating underneath the surface with the blood-flow of centuries in a way that can not be recorded and described on the printed page. Then, as now, too many Americans went abroad without ever getting to Europe at all. They got to hotels where only Americans went; they got to banking houses where only American newspapers were on file; they got to summer resorts where Americans predominated; but too rarely did they get beneath the surface of Europe to come in contact with the rich, fine, cultivated life of the people. The student bent upon getting the best that a European university had to give was more fortunate. He was literally forced beneath the surface of Europe, and was compelled to enter into the familiar and institutional life of England, of Germany, or of France, just as an Englishman, a German, or a Frenchman would do. In Germany, to be sure, he was apt to want to live on a little higher plane than the usual German student. He wished for somewhat better food and was satisfied with somewhat less beer. He liked a better-warmed room during the cold days and nights of a

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north European winter and he could not subsist without some measure of that ventilation which the European regards as one of the most mischievous manifestations of the Evil One.

Nevertheless, the American student, particularly in Germany, was able in those days to come very close to the life of the people, to enter into their joys and their anxieties, to read their newspapers and their books, to go to their concerts and their theatres, and to hear their reflections upon the world at large, and particularly upon that new world from which the student himself had come. At that time there was more migration from Germany to America than is now the case, and there were somewhat more and stronger immediate personal ties between households in the Fatherland and households on this side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless, the lack of understanding of America was complete. The fact that some persons had been lynched in New York during the draft riots of 1863 had developed into a conviction that lynching was a favorite New York pastime, and that delicate women were exposed to the disagreeable sight of victims of the lynchers hanging from an occasional lamp-post. Any public disorder or dereliction, or any unusual or discreditable occurrence which the newspapers had made much of, was magnified into a habit or an institution. There were no American institutions of higher learning; there was no American literature; American art was

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not existent, and American science was a negligible quantity.

All this was a great shock for the young voyager, who had set out with a quite different impression of his own country's importance and achievements. He found now that it was regarded, good-naturedly enough, as an overgrown and irresponsible child, rich no doubt and likely to grow richer, but not able to make any contribution to the higher life of the world. Argument on any one of these points was of little avail. The minds of men and women, even those of more than usual intelligence and wide reading, were closed. The result was frequently vexation of spirit and loss of temper, but the discipline was useful. This sort of reception was well suited to reduce the bumptiousness of the young American, and to make him understand for perhaps the first time how old and how large the world was and how set were its ways of thinking and of appreciating the newer peoples.

The winter of 1884-5 was a particularly interesting time to be in Berlin owing to the Socialist agitation then in active progress. The city was in what was technically termed a minor state of siege. This was a rather toplofty term to describe a situation in which police regulations as to domicile, public meetings, processions and the like were particularly stringent. At that time Berlin was much less than half its present size. The population was probably 1,200,000, and as there were

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some 20,000 soldiers stationed in and about Berlin, one who had never seen a military officer in his life, except in a parade of the militia on Decoration Day, met these gayly uniformed gentlemen at every turn, in the streets, in the cafés, and in all places of public resort, with no little surprise. This experience of itself induced reflection. What were all these officers and soldiers doing? Why were they withdrawn from productive industry? Why were they so quickly deferred to by the civilian population? Such questions as these the young American asked, and he received replies that revealed to him, again for the first time, a different view of the state and of government to any that he had come in contact with at home.

New and interesting experiences awaited him at every turn. Emperor William I, *der alte Kaiser*, as he was affectionately called by the populace, was to be seen every morning in the window of his working-room at the palace, at the corner of what was then called the Opern Platz. It was the custom of his Majesty to return by a gracious gesture every greeting from one who might pass his window, and to rise in his place and formally salute whenever a body of troops, however small, passed by. The Crown Prince, who was after a few years to succeed to the throne for three months as Emperor Friedrich III, was the very ideal of manly dignity and beauty, and seemed to incarnate in his own person the attributes

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and traditions of royalty. His eldest son, now and for more than a quarter of a century past the German Emperor, was an officer of the garrison. He was frequently seen driving or riding about the city, and came into familiar converse with a considerable group of young men, among whom occasionally an American student was included. The daily sight of royalty and of the imperial trappings and ceremonies gave to the institution a reality that it had never before had in the American's mind. To him Emperors and Kings had always seemed far-away personalities, recorded in history and worthy of a place beside the demigods and heroes of the ancient mythology. Now he was to find that these royal personages were very real, terribly human, quite visible to the naked eye, and ready to enjoy and to enter into all the pleasures and satisfactions of life.

Naturally the university itself was the first place to be sought out after the great Friedrich Strasse Bahnhof had been left behind and lodgings chosen and occupied. So this was the great University of Berlin! On either side of the court sat in marble state the two Humboldts, Alexander and Wilhelm. The low, well-proportioned building, built of brick and covered with stucco, had a curious attraction. In and out of its doors and across this court had walked for seventy-five years some of the great men of the world. What would one not have given to see Hegel cross the

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garden behind the university building, making his way toward the Platz which now bears his name and which contains his effigy; or to see Schleiermacher turn his steps toward home at the end of one of his great lectures on religious feeling to the students of theology. Imagination could even see the magnetic personality of Fichte himself moving about in these halls and streets. Trendelenburg, Harms, and Droysen had recently died, but von Ranke was still there as a link with the past, although he was nearly ninety years of age, and opposite his name in the announcement for the semester were printed the significant words *liest nicht*. It was a great occasion for the young American when he first put his foot inside that academic building. Every hallway and every lecture-room seemed to echo with the footsteps and with the voices of great scholars who had shaken or moulded the world of thought. The bulletin-boards were covered with curiously written notices of one sort or another. Every notice was eagerly spelled out in order to gain some information of student customs and of academic life. Then the offices of dean and of questor were hunted up, in order that when the time came for the formal ceremony of matriculation one might know where to go.

The next step was to buckle down to a better mastery of the German language. Hours each day were devoted to poring over German grammars

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and reading books; to conversation in lodgings, on the streets, and in the Thiergarten with companions who were chosen for the purpose; in reading the daily newspapers and in attending the theatre. Of all these devices perhaps the two most useful were the daily conversations on the streets and in the Thiergarten with chosen companions and the nightly visit to the theatre, where precise enunciation and correct pronunciation seemed to make German so easy to understand.

A letter from Professor Chandler to Hofmann, the great Berlin chemist, was the occasion of some concern, for it proved that Hofmann was at the moment rector magnificus of the University of Berlin, and how to approach so exalted a personage required both preparation and advice. The preparation took the form of a solemn suit of black and a silk hat. Advice took the form of pointing out the hour of the day when the eminent personage should be sought at his own home. This proved to be a simple little house on Dorotheen Strasse, not far from the university building; but the formal preparations seemed to have been made in vain, when the rector magnificus opened the door himself and took his frightened and awed visitor by the hand for a most friendly and kindly conversation. This visit broke the ice. If the rector magnificus was so easy to approach, then the professors, both ordinary and extraordinary, to say nothing of the Privat-Docenten,

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must be a very simple matter indeed. So in most cases it proved.

As the particular subject of study in this case was to be philosophy and educational theory, the steps of the newcomer were naturally directed first to the apartment of Eduard Zeller. This apartment would be as easy to find to-day as it was thirty years ago. Professor Zeller and his charming wife, the daughter of Ferdinand Christian Baur, the founder of the so-called Tübingen School of Theology, lived at 4 Magdeburger Strasse, III Treppen, and thither the young inquirer climbed. Zeller's personality is not likely ever to be forgotten. He was then seventy years of age, slight and spare of build and frame, with a massive forehead and the kindest of kind dark eyes. While at work in his study he usually wore a long dressing-gown fastened at the waist by a cord, and he stood at a high desk like a bookkeeper, with his notes and books of reference spread about him in orderly fashion. Here was the greatest living authority on Greek philosophy, and the man whose patient industry had brought to a conclusion the *Philosophie der Griechen*, an almost final authority in its field. Never was great scholar kinder to the youngest and most callow of apprentices, and never were more pains taken to give a youth an insight into the life and thought of the Greeks and their meaning for all time. Moreover, Professor Zeller saw to it that

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his pupil had opportunity on Sunday evenings to meet, under his roof, some of the most charming and cultivated men and women who then adorned and represented the intellectual life of Berlin. After all these years one can see now the quick-moving figure of du Bois-Reymond, the physiologist, whose pamphlet entitled *Die sieben Welt-räthsel* was then being widely discussed and attacked; or the graceful gentleness of Goldschmidt, who has no superior as a master of commercial law, and whose conversation moved easily over both legal and practical topics. On these Sunday evenings, too, there occasionally came Gneist, who was particularly interesting as the chief authority on English public law; Vahlen, whose spoken Latin in his seminar on Lucretius was as delightful as it was novel to hear; and Ernst Curtius, who can still be seen in the eye of memory sitting at the base of a statue in the Neues Museum, placidly describing to a group of students, note-book in hand, the characteristics and significance of the works of ancient art by which they were surrounded. Those were noteworthy evenings, and on looking back it would seem as if they were perhaps of more and more lasting educational value than the laboriously attended lectures that extended over so many months.

One's first experience in a German university lecture-room is interesting in the extreme. At

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that time there was nothing like it in America. In order to be officially permitted to attend a course of lectures it was necessary to seek out the given professor in his private consultation-room and to secure his signature in the *Anmeldungs-Buch*. On request he would assign a specific seat in the lecture-hall, particularly if the student were a foreigner and anxious to be placed where he could hear clearly. In one particular *Anmeldungs-Buch* it is still possible to spell out the signatures of Zeller, for his course on the general history of philosophy; of Paulsen, for his courses on the introduction to philosophy and on educational theory, as well as for his seminar on Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*; of Dilthey, for his course on logic and theory of knowledge; of Rehmke, now professor at Greifswald, for his practical exercises on Kant's *Prolegomena*; and of Doctor Lasson—who is still living and nearly eighty-five years of age—for his course on fundamental philosophical problems.

The great scholars differed widely in their method of presenting their several subjects. On Zeller's own recommendation very few notes were taken of his lectures. The young American having possessed himself of a copy of the professor's *Grundriss der Geschichte der griechischen Philosophie*, followed closely his exposition, book open in hand, and wrote out his impressions of what had been said on returning to his lodgings.

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Dilthey, on the other hand, was very insistent that precise notes should be taken. To this end he divided his daily lecture into two parts. It was his custom to speak for about twenty-five minutes in a general way in exposition of the subject under immediate consideration, and then for twenty minutes to dictate, with painstaking accuracy and reiteration, precisely what he wished the student to put down. It would have been so easy for Professor Dilthey to print this material in a pamphlet that his practise was always resented as more or less of a reflection on the art of printing.

Few lecturers were more persuasive, illuminating, and delightful than Friedrich Paulsen. This extraordinary man was then just coming into his fame and reputation. While his classrooms were crowded and his influence very great indeed, he was still but a *professor extraordinarius*. The reason popularly assigned for this in the university was that Paulsen was somewhat too progressive and radical in his views to command the full approval of the ruling powers at the Cultus Ministerium. He was thirty-nine years of age, and his swarthy complexion, flashing eye, and eloquent voice made an impression that no lapse of time will ever weaken or destroy. In his lectures on educational theory he opened up what was to the young American a wholly new and unknown field of inquiry. The notion that the great activity and human interest called education might be

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subjected to scientific examination and analysis and might be shown to rest upon definite philosophical principles, was nothing short of a revelation. In America education had always seemed to be—well, just education! In Paulsen's crowded lecture-room, on the other hand, it was a most fascinating subject of study. In his seminar on Kant, Paulsen came in very close touch with the fundamentals of his subject and with the select company of students who were admitted to his companionship, there to receive the severest and most searching criticism both of the methods and of the results of their work. Twenty years afterward, when Paulsen had come fully to his own and when his influence not only in Germany but outside of it was literally enormous, and when the years had turned his coal-black hair into a most becoming iron-gray, he, seated either in his study or in the garden of his home at Steglitz, used to laugh over the experiences of long ago and to recall with that American student, who remained to the end his close and intimate friend and correspondent, much that had happened in the interval both in Europe and across the Atlantic. Paulsen was much touched by the appreciation accorded him in America, and when Professor Frank Thilly, then of the University of Missouri, translated his more important books into English he was as much pleased as a young girl on going to her first ball.

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There are other impressions and memories, too, no less vivid and no less inspiring. There were the evening popular lectures of du Bois-Reymond, who reflected the curiously divergent influences of Johannes Müller and of Neander, in which he expounded and interpreted in masterly fashion the developing progress of modern science and the significance of its controlling principles and its most far-reaching results. There were also the early lectures in what soon proved to be a far too technical course to follow, by von Helmholtz on *die Wellentheorie*, in which he connected together by a single formula and brought under the dominance of a single law, wave-motion of every sort, whether manifested in the realm of matter, in that of mind, or in that of social organization. Then there were the Monday evening popular discourses by von Treitschke, who was at the very height of his influence and power. To listen to these discourses was, for the first few moments, distinctly disagreeable, since von Treitschke's deafness left him without any power to control his voice. In consequence it was frequently almost painful to listen to his utterance. It was not long, however, before one forgot the utterance in the vividness and vigor of what the man was saying. That at the end of a generation his social and political philosophy was to shake the whole world with the evidences of its power was little dreamed of in those days. True, von Treitschke's

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attacks on England, and on America as well, seemed even then to be very bitter and very frequent. But they proceeded so plainly from a complete misconception of the Anglo-Saxon character and temperament that they did not seem likely to be practically influential. Treitschke's favorite complaint against both Englishmen and Americans was that they were hypocrites and nations of mere shopkeepers making pretense to the possession of cultivation. More than once he said, with the most astonishing emphasis, that England and Englishmen were lost to all idealism and that they possessed no national vigor. Interesting as this was, it was not long before the basis on which it rested made itself plain. Treitschke could not understand how any nation or people could prefer common sense to logical perfection, and so, when the Anglo-Saxons, deterred by common sense, failed to carry out to their logical conclusions certain professed principles of conduct, he accused them of hypocrisy.

Then there was Pfeiderer, who represented what was left of Hegelian influence in the faculty of theology. There was Kirchhoff the Hellenist and Kirchhoff the physicist. Brunner, who is still living, was teaching German legal history, and Dernburg was painfully expounding the Pandects to students of law. Bernhard Weiss, now in retirement and almost ninety years of age, had classes of considerable size in the theology of the

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New Testament and the life of Christ, while Dillmann lectured on Old Testament theology. Waldeyer, the great anatomist, whose name still heads the list of the medical faculty, was leading the world in his particular branch of knowledge, as was Virchow in his, although he found time to engage in politics and to stand as a candidate for the Reichstag. Robert Koch was a member of the medical faculty, but his greatest fame was yet to come. Mommsen was nearly seventy years of age and quite the most picturesque figure in the whole university group. His spare, keen face, with long, white hair and sharp black eyes and bent shoulders, were so familiar to the people of Berlin that as he passed through the streets hats were lifted as to royalty, for every Berliner understood that in Mommsen Berlin and Germany had one of their chiefest treasures. That young American well remembers having heard Mommsen say, at one of Zeller's Sunday evening gatherings, that the reason why he had never continued his *Römische Geschichte* through the imperial period was that he had never been able to make up his mind as to what it was that brought about the collapse of the Roman Empire and the downfall of Roman civilization.

The list of those whose lectures might then be heard, and whom this young American did hear at least once, usually out of sheer curiosity, is too long to be recounted. There were those of Weierstrass,

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in mathematics; of Schmoller and Wagner, in economics, both still living and Wagner still lecturing; of Weber, in Sanskrit and Indian lore; of Kiepert, the geographer; of Förster, whose charm of personality gave him much greater influence than would naturally attach to a professor of a subject so little followed as astronomy; of Delbrück, who was already teaching history; and of Diels, who though only a *professor extraordinarius* in those days, was already marked out for the unusual distinction that he gained later on. In ethics there was the exceptionally interesting personality of von Gizycki, who was but thirty-four years of age and destined to a life all too short.

The freedom which made it possible to hear and to meet all these men was gained by following the advice of Professor Archibald Alexander. He had enjoined fulfilling all the conditions for the degree of doctor of philosophy and taking that degree before leaving America. This left the young American with no technical and time-consuming requirements to meet in Berlin, but set him free to get all that he could, and as he could, from the great scholars there assembled.

Of the men who are now the chief representatives of the University of Berlin, many were at that time still winning their spurs elsewhere. Harnack, who has so long been the chief ornament of the theological faculty, was then but thirty-three years of age and a professor at Giessen. The great Hellen-

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ist, von Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, son-in-law of Mommsen, was less than forty years of age and a professor at Göttingen. Emil Fischer, the chemist, was but little more than thirty and had a chair at Erlangen. Benno Erdmann was about the same age and a member of the faculty of philosophy at Breslau. Eduard Meyer was at the same university, while Delitzsch was at Leipzig. Schiemann had at that time no university connection.

Important as the German universities, particularly Berlin, are to-day, it is probable that they occupied a higher relative rank from 1830 to about 1890 than they have since enjoyed. Truly, there were academic giants in Berlin thirty years ago, and each one of them had his share in making over and in building up the intellectual fabric of that young American student. Zeller and Paulsen were naturally by far the most influential, for association with them was constant and intimate, and the subjects of which they were masters were the young student's chosen field of study. But each great scholar whose lecture-room was entered, if it were only for a single visit, left an ineffaceable impression of what scholarship meant, of what a university was, and of what a long road higher education in America had to travel before it could hope to reach a plane of equal elevation. From Zeller was learned the true meaning of the Greek spirit and the real significance of the embryology of Western thought as contained in the noble records of the

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Greek philosophers. It was Zeller who made real beyond peradventure the truth afterward expressed so compactly by Sir Henry Maine, that everything that lives and moves in the Western world, save only the blind forces of nature, is Greek in its origin. When it came time to leave Berlin the old teacher gave to his young American pupil a copy of the latest edition of his *Grundriss*, in which he inscribed as a farewell message of friendship and of counsel the well-known saying of Solon, *Γηράσχω δ' αἰέ πολλά διδασχόμενος*. What Solon said of himself was equally true of Zeller, and must always remain true of those whom Zeller influenced. All alike grow old constantly learning many new things.

From Paulsen was learned the lesson that Kant came to teach, namely, that without a critical examination of the process of knowing it is quite useless to attempt to discuss knowledge. Paulsen's exposition of Kant's critical method and his discipline in its applications made it impossible ever again to fall a victim to any of the varied forms of sheer assumption in which uncritical and dogmatical philosophy presents itself. From Paulsen there was learned, too, the lesson that the process of education rests primarily on the training of the will, the building of character, and that it should give to conduct a social aim or purpose. If ever two great teachers produced a lasting influence on the mind and thought of a pupil, Zeller and Paul-

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sen produced that influence on the mind and the thought of their young American student.

In Berlin every hour of the day and of the evening was an educational influence. Not only lecture-rooms, but personal visits, the theatre, concerts, the opera, the many delightful opportunities for social intercourse, all combined to give an atmosphere and to provide a stimulus. This was really education. This was really contact with great personalities and with sources and standards of power—intellectual, moral, æsthetic. Where else in the world could the narrow means of a student have admitted him for a mark to hear rendered one of the great operas—German, Italian, or French—or on any Wednesday evening for half a mark to the Bilse Konzert-Halle on Leipziger Strasse, to listen to a complete symphony by Beethoven, by Mozart, by Brahms, or by Raff, superbly rendered by one of the best orchestras in the world? Where else could one have had opportunity for a mere trifle to hear Shakespeare superbly acted or to see the classic German drama put upon the stage with every possible aid to its complete understanding and appreciation?

Opportunities to study the political life of the new and rapidly developing German Empire were not lacking. There were vigorous debates in the Reichstag just then, and a kindly word from a university professor gained for the young American opportunity to hear, under the best auspices, a

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stirring debate between Bismarck and Liebknecht, the forceful leader of the Social Democrats. A fascinating figure in the Reichstag was Doctor Windthorst, known familiarly as *die kleine Excel-lenz*, who was exerting enormous influence as parliamentary leader of the Centre, or Catholic, party. His fellow Hanoverian, Benningsen, was the spokesman of the National Liberals. In addition to this striking group of parliamentary leaders, there was the spare and grim form of Moltke himself, who occasionally had a very brief word to say on matters of military organization and policy.

Surely this was a real voyage of discovery, and the discoverer often staggered under the load that he was called upon to carry. Indeed, it has taken the better part of a subsequent generation to enable him to digest and to assimilate it all.

After Berlin came Paris, and the American student who has missed that sequence has lost one of the great opportunities of the intellectual life.

In 1885 the Third Republic was still regarded as frankly experimental, and every type of republicanism was contending for the mastery in its public life. Royalists of one type or another were as plentiful as strawberries, and it was not at all unusual to hear a discussion after dinner as to which of the various claimants of the overturned throne of France was the most likely to gain possession of it. Sainte-Beuve, Baudelaire, and

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Flaubert had, indeed, been dead for some years, but they were still the oracles of the more cultivated youth of France, and it was their names that came oftenest to the lips of the student of literature or of the ambitious aspirant for literary fame. Edmond Scherer was writing in the columns of *Le Temps*, and Jules Simon, well on in years but vigorous, was doing the same in *Le Matin*. Daudet, who gained almost everything that he wanted except election to the Academy, was to be met not infrequently, as was Zola, who although not so famous as he became later, was writing at a great rate. Brunetière was then only sub-editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and his principal work remained to be done; but, nevertheless, he was decidedly a person of weight and intellectual circumstance. At the Sorbonne, Gréard was ruling with benignant capacity and assiduity. The first climb up the slow slope of what remained of Mont St. Geneviève called up in imagination the days of Abelard and William of Champeaux and the great philosophical discussions which then divided the intellectual world of Europe.

Then there were the scholars whom it was a joy and a privilege to meet. There was Gaston Boissier, who made Horace and Cicero, Vergil and Tacitus seem like old friends, and who brought before the mind's eye with the utmost vividness the life of Pompeii and of Rome and the happenings in Roman Africa. There was Gaston Paris,

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the mediævalist, without an equal. There was Fustel de Coulanges, whose *Cité Antique* had already exercised its strange fascination on this particular American. There was Henri Poincaré, who, though often suffering in body, had one of the most penetrating of modern minds. Naturally a central object of interest and almost of pilgrimage was Louis Pasteur. Renouvier one might know from his books, but the man himself lived too much withdrawn from other men to make possible a meeting in the flesh. Paul Janet, who, while neither original nor constructive, was one of the most agreeable and lucid of philosophical lecturers, was at his best.

Almost every stone in Paris seemed to cry out with the voice of a great man. Here both history and literature seemed to have been made. Over yonder was the tower from out whose bells rang the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Not far away was the place where stood the Bastille, symbol and token of an old and dead order. Beyond, at the edge of what was now the Place de la Concorde, stood the guillotine, under whose knife were beheaded good and bad alike. One wandered about the bewitching streets of the Quartier Latin as in a trance, expecting to meet at every turn a figure walking out of the pages of Balzac or of Dumas or of Eugène Sue. It was not easy in tracing out the lines of the Paris of history, of the Paris of the Revolution, and of the Paris

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of that day to keep back the manifest evidences of emotion and excitement that sought to find expression. For the first time the Latin spirit came to have definite meaning and reality. It was so different from the Anglo-Saxon spirit as revealed in America and so different from the Teutonic spirit as revealed in Berlin. Somehow it seemed subtler and more refined, more delicate and more highly civilized than either. As the young student moved about in the social and intellectual life of Paris and breathed the spirit of the place, he began to feel himself in companionship with the Greeks of modern times, the one truly civilized people in the world. It became so much more easy than it ever had been to understand the impatience of the French with other and less favored peoples than themselves. They knew and had passed through so much that others had still to learn and to come to know. Of all Europe, France alone had passed through the baptism of a revolution. Quasi-revolutions and attempts at revolution had marked the history of other lands, but France, and France alone, had passed out from under the old rule, tried as if by fire, and had preserved in the fulness of the modern spirit and with the richness of an age-long cultivation, the true and high standards of judgment in things of the mind. Evidence of this multiplied day by day as the young American made his daily pilgrimage all the way from modest lodgings in the Rue de la Boétie to the Sorbonne.

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Sometimes his steps would follow one course and sometimes another, but always and everywhere the evidences of cultivation and of civilization abounded. Paris revealed itself as the only place in the world where conversation is a fine art and where the publication of a new book by a writer of note is hailed as an event of social importance.

And so it went. On every side and at every hour the young student found impressions, ideas, judgments, opinions, experiences pouring in upon him with a richness that was truly overwhelming. He began to see that Paris was the one place to which to go to file down and to polish a student's mind that had been forged and hewn out in the rough in Germany. The two civilizations, the two national and racial spirits, the two universities seemed in no sense antagonistic, but rather highly and wonderfully complementary. This again was real education. Men of light and leading, men who knew what standards were and who insisted on applying them, were close companions, instructors, and guides. What young student from across the Atlantic would not find his mind enriched and inspired by experience such as that?

The French political life was even more interesting than that of Germany, for it seemed to be in closer touch with the realities of politics. Gambetta had been dead for three years, but his spirit

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and his influence were very much alive. Jules Ferry fell from power on a dismal March day in 1885 with a roar that shook even the quiet precincts of the Sorbonne. Of radical and of socialist oratory there was an abundance to hear, and the semi-comic, semi-tragic figure of General Boulanger was still troubling the political waters.

The American student who has never been to the University of Paris has missed something which no German university could ever give him. But he should come to Paris after having studied at Berlin, or Leipzig, or Munich. The reason is that the highly artistic and very subtle method of the French savant is a perfect complement to the patient and plodding meticulousness of the German *Gelehrter*. The artistry of the French was manifested in their exposition of every subject. Whether one was listening to Renan on the history of the Semitic peoples, or to Taine on the philosophy of art, or to Caro on Goethe, he could not fail to see the national and racial characteristics manifesting themselves in splendid and compelling fashion. To end an intellectual voyage of discovery at the University of Paris is to put a frame on a picture that would be imperfect without it. The drill, the discipline, and the training in patient thoroughness one got in those days in Germany as he could not get it in America, in England, or in France. But a point of view, a sense of proportion, the meaning of the intellectual life and standards

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of taste in judgment and appreciation were taught at the Sorbonne and in Paris as nowhere else in the world.

The discovery of England is another story and a long one.

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